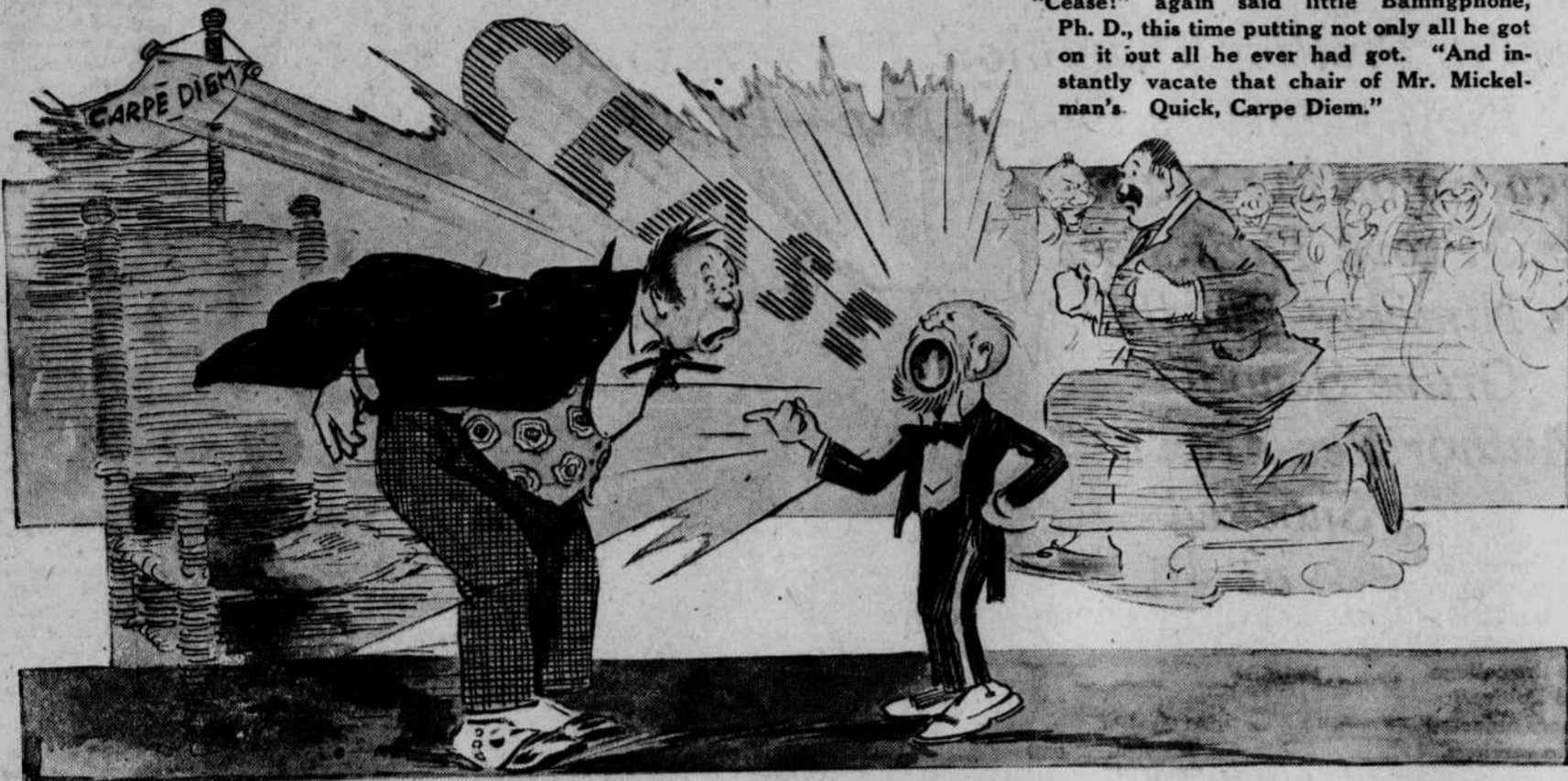


# "Cease," Shouted the Professor, Whereupon Quinn Did Cease



By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

BURRVILLE CITY, Feb. 18.

AT the weekly meeting of Borough Council in Fire House last night Councilman Cornelius F. X. Quinn got the floor for the first time without opposition since his election.

This lack of opposition at first seemed to peeve Hon. Quinn. He didn't know then that before another half hour would pass he would be facing, across N. Main in Arnold Hall, the grandest audience he has got a crack at—and also the biggest opposition and excitement—since retiring and moving here from the metropolis.

For the first time in Borough Council history there was only a quorum present in Fire House. The only standee present back of Council chairs was Clarence Santee, the Borough unfortunate, who even more than usual was not himself.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Council," began Hon. Quinn in Fire House, but kind of listless on account of his chief opponent, Hon. Mickelman, not being present, and nobody else wanting the floor. "This night I would address you on the fateful influences of the modern musical monstrosity known as jazz in all its—"

"Doc!" here cried out Clarence Santee to Mayor Van Scolecq bitterly. "Doc, somebody oversold me on homemade apple and I—"

Here Mr. Santee sort of slump to the floor silently, so no sharp measures were taken against him.

"Let the sotted old rummy die inside the house here," moved, charitably, Councilman C. Applegate, he adding with a sour look toward Hon. Quinn, "We'll all be snoring with him in a few minutes, anyway. So go right ahead, Colleague Quinn. Renew the gas attack."

Instead of Hon. Quinn resenting any hidden dig which might be construed out of this remark he suddenly switched to ask Chairman Van Scolecq why it was that attendance at Council was so paltry.

**Everybody Was Attending The Chautauqua Meeting**

"Everybody's at the opening session of the annual Chautauqua meetings in Arnold Hall," here explained Mayor Van Scolecq.

Mayor Van Scolecq here explained further to Hon. Quinn that citizens from as far back country as New Egypt and Preakness were jamming Arnold Hall, listening to the educational music and speeches.

"Speeches!" sharply interrupted Hon. Quinn, this word causing him to stand silent in deep thought.

Earlier yesterday ye scribe heard from a reliable party that only last Tuesday in Applegate's pharmacy Hon. Quinn had acted cool when asked by Doc Applegate to buy a season ticket to Chautauqua and refused.

Hon. Quinn refused Tuesday by saying coolly he couldn't in conscience and on moral grounds attend the annual Chautauqua on account of Chautauquans being, he said, Protestant. But when Doc Applegate showed Hon. Quinn that Chautauquans were not religious, but on the contrary uplifting and educational, Hon. Quinn again refused in a very cool way.

"Granted, Doc, these Chautauquans are uplifting instead of Protestant," said Hon. Quinn Tuesday, "nevertheless I don't like the sound of the name."

"The blackest Republican hole in the great State I lived in before moving here, Doc, was Chautauqua county, New York. It's the one country so unapologetically Republican, Doc, that no Democratic candidate for Governor or other State office dares to sully his feet with the soil of it even on his oratorical campaign throughout the State. That's how filthy it is with Republicans."

But last night in Fire House Hon. Quinn suddenly seemed to see things different, especially when learning of the capacity crowd in Arnold Hall and speechmaking. Ye scribe, scenting last night how every body attending Council meeting out of a sense of duty wanted to get over to Arnold

Hall, here whispered to Hon. Quinn that the local chairman of the Chautauqua was his bitterest opponent, Hon. Luther Mickelman.

"Move we adjourn!" shouted Hon. Quinn, like he was exploding.

It was only because Mayor and quorum, headed by Hon. Quinn, hold such high office in the Borough that the fire laws were sort of loosened to let them wedge into Arnold Hall.

**Sent for the Undertaker**

**To Provide Enough Seats**

But every seat was occupied and paid for. But Hon. Quinn got an idea. Hon. Quinn directed the management to send down to the casket display parlors of ex-Sheriff Bailey, our popular undertaker and embalmer, and borrow enough folding funeral chairs to seat Hon. Quinn and party on the stage of Arnold Hall.

Cheers from everybody except Local Chautauqua Chairman Mickelman greeted the Borough statesman when Hon. Quinn led the way up to the row of undertaker's chairs on top of the stage.

Hon. Mickelman turned around from making announcements just in time to see Hon. Quinn bowing acknowledgment to the cheers and then sitting down in the big chairman's chair reserved for Hon. Mickelman, right under the big banner inscribed "Carpe Diem."

It wasn't until Chairman Mickelman had to sit down in the one vacant undertaker chair, to one side, that Hon. Quinn stood up to begin addressing the Chautauqua meeting. And Hon. Quinn, until later thrown out of his chairman's chair, stood while talking right in front of the chair so that Hon. Mickelman could not get into it.

"Fellow Chautauquans, greetings!" began Hon. Quinn, regardless of Hon. Mickelman just announcing the program of community singing, expert fiddle playing by the leading fiddle artist of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and a grand final speech by Prof. L. Fuerties of the University of Beach Haven College about the kind of noises animals and birds make, as observed by Prof. Fuerties while exploring in a little wood burning steamer up the Nile.

On account of so many high class people and strangers in the big audience Hon. Mickelman kept quiet for a while to be

polite, but giving toward Hon. Quinn one of the dirtiest looks ever seen in this Borough.

"Carpe diem!" cried Hon. Quinn, pointing eloquently to the big flag above his head.

Ye scribe, knowing Hon. Quinn's methods, could see he was thinking hard to get some grand topic worthy of the grand audience to talk about, and in the meantime, like he always does till he gets his stride, just saying words to hold the floor.

"Fellow Chautauquans," said Hon. Quinn, as usual talking easy even before he could think up a subject: "We who have learning to read Latin in the raw have done well to make 'Carpe Diem' the motto of our great Chautauqua movement."

**Seeking Hard for Subject On Which to Base Speech**

"And, why? you ask me," continued Hon. Quinn, still just talking words while scratching his head trying to think of some regular subject. "Because, fellow Chautauquans, translating that motto into language within your lesser understanding, this motto of our Chautauqua means variously 'Obey that impulse!' or, 'Do it now!'"

"Fellow Chautau—" Hon. Quinn suddenly stopped scratching his head absently; so ye scribe could see he at last had hit on a great subject worthy of the occasion.

"Friends," cried Hon. Quinn, now in his grandest public speaking voice and taking a step forward but still guarding the chairman's chair against Hon. Mickelman getting it. "Friends, I would address you this night on a subject which we of the Chautauqua movement—here we are to uplift and instruct you—would have you get the straight of with sympathetic understanding."

"My friends, I address you this evening on the momentous subject of the sacred and profane history of the Popes of Rome, from the days of the Caesars right on down—"

It was at this here point that out on the stage came the traveling manager of the Chautauqua uplift troupe from the metropolis, his name on the printed program being T. Cyril Baffingphone, Ph. D.

Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., was the smallest little man ever seen in this borough,

not excepting Emmons Derwent, the popular E flat cornetist of our Burrville Gold and Silver Cornet Band, who is only four inches taller than the bass drum.

To make matters worse, Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., wore one of those round, closely cropped beards on his chin which are Hon. Quinn's particular aversion, always driving him frantic. Hon. Quinn always, he says, has no use for men wearing this kind of what he always slightly calls "Methodist whiskers."

To make matters even worse, this Baffingphone, Ph. D., party raised one hand in a dignified way to make Hon. Quinn shut up.

"Friends," nevertheless continued Hon. Quinn, making an irritated gesture like he was brushing Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., aside into the ash pile or something, "as we say in the classics—"

**Astonished at the Voice Of Such a Little Man**

"Cease!" crashed Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., he with this one word making the loudest noise ever heard in this borough.

This here little Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., got his job with the Chautauqua movement, ye scribe learned later, mostly on account of he having the most powerful voice in the history of this country. And when he said "Cease!" he leaned all he had right on its nose, like he was Babe Ruth pasting a line homer just clear of the corset advertisement on the fence back of center field.

It was so loud that—but put it more clearly—it stopped even Hon. Quinn. That's how loud it was.

"And furthermore, Mr. Quinn, or Quince, or whatever your honored name is," went right on this little Baffingphone, Ph. D., party, in a voice that made the ice in the water pitcher on the stage tinkle like fire alarms and fluttered all the flags and pennants in Arnold Hall—"furthermore, Mr. Quince, as we also say in the classics, 'Nature abhorret a vacuum.'"

"Yes, and let me tell you something else, Mr. Quince! Ex nihilo nihil—"

"Cease, yourself!" shouted Hon. Quinn at his loudest, but it sounded like he was whispering. "How dare—"

"Cease!" again said little Baffingphone, Ph. D., this time putting not only all he got on it, but all he ever had got. "And instantly vacate that chair of Mr. Mickelman's. Quick! Carpe diem!"

This last was the loudest noise ever heard in this country.

"And now, dear, sweet friends," suddenly said smilingly little Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., turning to the excited audience and dropping his voice musically until you could only hear it across North Main, "before the concert and the lecture by the charming and gifted Prof. Fuerties let us, sweet friends, rise and sing the first and last verses of 'America' to our dear Mrs. Sweetser's accompaniment on the piano-forte."

"You understand thoroughly, dear people? Good! First 'My country, 'tis' and so on and so on. Then skip to 'Our fathers' and so on and so on. You follow me, charming folks? Good! Ready, dear Mrs. Sweetser? Good! One, two, three! 'My country—!'"

Mr. Baffingphone leading community singing was the loudest noise heard in this State since the Black Tom explosion.

Hon. Quinn came down the stage behind Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., and stood kind of smiling friendly right close to Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D. But the latter paid no attention, only singing louder and louder, while Hon. Quinn kept studying and looking down on little Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., like he was interested in Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., and admiring him.

And Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., still kept singing and paying no attention, even when Hon. Quinn finally smiled kindest and gave Mr. Baffingphone, Ph. D., two or three approving little pats on the shoulder—Hon. Quinn then exiting through the back entrance to the stage, smiling to himself and thoughtfully shaking his head. (Copyright, 1922, by the Bell Syndicate.)

## Ramblin' Round

By ANTHONY WAINE.

THE VOICES OF THE CITY.

WHEN you hear the noisy rumble of the elevated cars,

And a barker, with a telescope, cry, "See the moon and stars!"

When you hear the steady click-click of Hedley's featherweights,

The familiar soapbox orator enumerate his hates,

The industrious little newsy cry his "Wuxtree! Twenty dead!"

A truck driver yelling to another, "Gwan! I'll bust yer head!"

Yer a liar! Yes! You scraped my wheels! You know it, Pat O'Rourke!"

Then you know you're in New York, old top, you know you're in New York!

When you hear the serenading of the mournful alley cat

To the tune of thirty irate voices chorus-ing a "Scat!"

When you hear the cop at Forty-second holler, "Hey, get back!"

And the backyard minstrel singing "Silver Threads Among the Black"

(Or "among the gold," it really doesn't matter much to me),

And the clatter of the crockery in Max's Busy Bee,

And the rather steady popping of the home brew's merry cork,

Then you know you're in New York, my lad, you know you're in New York!

When you hear the noisy ash man start to bang the cans around,

And the milkman clinks his bottles (drat the sleep destroying sound!),

When you hear the peddler's, "Three for five!" (or maybe, "Four for seven!"),

And the office boy his fingers snaps and murmurs, "Come eleven!"

When the brilliant subway wheezer pulls the "packed like sardines" joke,

When you try to make a touch and everybody says, "I'm broke,"

And the guy next door starts fiddling (he could use a tuning fork),

Then you know you're in New York, my boy, you know you're in New York!

When Jole Ray finished the last lap of his sensational race at Madison Square Garden the other night, every one—that is, every one around us—predicted that he had broken the record for a mile and a half. When, a few seconds after the race was over, it was announced that Ray had broken the world's record by four seconds, we heard a chorus of delighted "I told you so's!" that outdid anything in this line that we had ever heard. It was the first time the showman phrase ever had a pleasing ring for us.

How could any one resent an "I told you so" of this kind? These fans were good to look at as they pulled the old bromide. They knew the record had been broken and they simply had to say so. How did they know? Search us! But they knew.

One predicted a second had been shaved off, another said three seconds, still another put it at five seconds. There was a difference of opinion as to how badly the record had been smashed, but all hands agreed that it had gone by the boards. None of these fans held a stop-watch. An intuitive something told them that Ray was running the distance in faster time than human legs had ever traveled it before.

Perhaps it was the fact that Jole had lapped the field and pretty nearly run the able Cutbill off his feet. We dunno. But we do know that the fans called the turn. And we were puzzled.

Seasoned sport fans have an uncanny way of guessing what is coming. We recall that, with the Yanks leading by two or three runs, a few old-timers near us predicted the Giant batting rally that swamped the Yankees in the 13-5 game of the recent World Series.

"Them Gints are good and mad," said one old war-horse, who sat near us in the bleachers, "and they're gonna do something to-day or bust. They've been showed up in this series so far and they're sore. Any one can see it. Lookit the scowl on Emil Meusel. They're gonna be so darn mad when they get up next inn'n they'll just murder the old pill, mark my word."

And they did. Perhaps there is a bit of universal truth in that old fan's method of reasoning. Ray, they say, was "good and mad," too, as a result of the defeat administered him by Cutbill last year. Maybe the prophetic fans knew that this, plus Jole's ability as a runner, was enough to smash a record. We dunno. And never will.

HAVE you noticed the growing fashion of putting marble tops on steam-heat radiators? We have seen instances of the new art in radiator decoration in a number of new buildings. Radiators, always an eyesore in any well-ordered room, are far more sightly with a marble slab across the top.

At first we thought the idea, in addition to its decorative purpose, was intended to provide supplementary seating space. But we were wrong. It is not at all comfortable to sit atop one of those flat marble slabs. You don't agree with us, you say? Did you ever sit on a hot piece of marble? We did, the other day. And got off. Marble is an excellent conductor of heat.

Which suggests that a business man, too busy to go out for lunch, might drop a few dabs of pancake batter on his marble topped radiator and make himself some flapjacks.

But this is idle flippancy and RAMBLIN' ROUND is a serious column.

IT was fun to revisit the Baseball Exhibit (at the Forty-second Street Library) that we mentioned last week, and spend an hour reading the frayed and yellowed newspaper accounts of the games of a vanished period.

In those days baseball stories were characterized by a calculated dignity that has long since gone the way of stock ties, mustache cups, tintypes, &c., and has a strange ring in this era of pep. Here are a few passages, culled from reports of games played in the early eighties, that will give you an idea of the solemnity with which the baseball reporter of forty years ago approached his task:

Coleman pitched a remarkably strong game and was well supported by Catcher Ringo; and it is now plainly evident that these players will constitute the Philadelphia's best "battery" (note the quote) this season.

To add to the demoralization caused by Corey's illness Milligan's arm was sore, and thus handicapped they went on the field fully realizing that there was nothing but defeat for them.

That an even more studied gravity characterized baseball reporting in the early '60s and that, incidentally, there is nothing new about the idea that the umpire has a heluva job is proved by this brief passage from an account of a game played in 1862:

The important, and, in this match, exceedingly onerous, duties of umpire, were most ably discharged by Mr. E. Brown.

A modern sporting scribe, we think, would make those three passages sound something like this:

Slabster Coleman, working in mid-season form, had the opposition breaking their backs, and Backstop Ringo was in there giving him bangup support. It's a cinch these birds are the battery the locals will have to depend on to cop the old bunting. . . .

The locals are playing in tough luck again. It looks as if the old slicked is going to cheat the boys out of the flag again. First the team loses Corey through illness and now Milligan pulls a lame soup bone. No wonder the boys didn't have any pep when they took the field and acted as if they knew the opposition was going to hand them the old raspberry. . . .

After some of the raw decisions that have been pulled in the local park recently it was a relief to see Arbitrator Brown in there calling balls and strikes as they should be called. Here's one ump that has a pair of eyes in his dome and uses 'em.

Modern baseball reporting with its picturesque phraseology represents a vast improvement over the stiff, colorless accounts of the vanished days.

But maybe we are a little hard on the old timers. In those days, you will recall, many of the ball players wore whiskers and the umpire and scorer wore high hats. It occurs to us that perhaps the stiltedness of those ancient baseball stories simply reflected an effort to write something that would be consonant with the dignity of whiskers and high hats.

IT was one of those machines that you feed a penny to in exchange for a ball of colored chewing gum. It stood in a corner of that bowling alley in The Bronx that we told you about recently.

We saw a bowler go over and insert a cent. He pulled the slide and out came a ball of gum; he repeated the operation, and he kept on repeating it we don't know how many times. Each time a ball of gum dropped out (we could hear the click as it landed in the receiving cup), yet the bowler was plainly irritated. What was the matter? He kept on inserting pennies, getting balls of gum and grumbling. It was all very puzzling. We went over to investigate.

"Have you got five pennies for a nickel?" he asked us as we approached.

We gave him the change and he proceeded to insert the pennies. We were more puzzled than ever. What was the idea? Was the standard treat in this bowling alley a ball of gum and was this his round? Perhaps. . . . No! With the third of the pennies a black ball of chicle dropped out and our new friend smiled, put it in his mouth and stopped inserting pennies. The other gum balls lay in a red, green and white heap in his left hand.

"Want one?" he asked as he proffered the colored assortment.

We thanked him and selected a beautiful red one.

"I like only the licorice ones," he explained as he vigorously chewed away. "Let's go over and join the crowd."

Jaws wagging in happy union, we departed, arm in arm, for the alleys.

OUR OWN ETYMOLOGY COURSE.

PERHAPS those sparrows we saw ignoring the "keep off the grass" signs in Bryant Park the other day took the liberty of doing so because there isn't any grass to keep off these wintry days. When spring rolls around and the grass shoots up again we are going to make it our business to find out whether the sparrows are law abiding citizens.

In the old days there must have been a custom of arresting birds that violated the "keep off the grass" law. This, we believe, is the origin of the word "jailed."

Speaking of which, we have an idea for a story about a bird. A hungry sparrow lights on a window sill and sets up a noisy chirping by way of announcing his desire for food.

"Cheep! cheep!" he cries. Then, to himself, in a half whisper, "Gee, there's a cake and a loaf of bread on the table. Hope they ain't cheap guys. I'd like some of the cake."

A gentleman opens the window and throws the sparrow some bread.

"Cheep! cheep!" cries the sparrow to denote his scorn.

Then—but we'll finish it some other time.

## Along the Bagdad Subway

PRIDE IN THE SUBWAY.

WE were in the subway. We hadn't a thing to read. We tried reading the car cards. We found it

good fun, but in five minutes we had read every card in sight. And we wanted to read so badly! For the first time in an age we had secured a seat and we yearned to spend the time luxuriously reading, as though we were in an armchair at home. If we were a palmist we could have spent the time reading the hand of the strap-hanging guy in front of us. But we know no palmistry.

Why hadn't we thought of buying a newspaper? We kicked ourselves (as well as it can be done in a sitting position).

And then—oh, joy!—a man next to us rose, dropped his paper on the seat and proceeded to move toward the door. Too proud to pick up his paper until he had left the train and could not see us, we waited for him to get off. He got off. We reached for his paper. It wasn't there. Another guy had grabbed it!

So we started to read the car cards all over again.

SUBWAY CHATTER.

THAT people sometimes drop pennies in the subway turnstiles instead of nickels is a well known fact. We saw a man do it the other day. And he did it deliberately—so deliberately and openly that any one could see that the act was one of absent mindedness. If there was any doubt of this, the fact that the

gentleman put the penny, when it dropped out, in the slot of another turnstile and snarled when it fell out again, should have dispelled it.

At any moment we expected to hear the absent minded gentleman grumble, "These darned slot machines are always empty. It's getting impossible to buy a piece of gum."

That, of course, is a charitable way of viewing the gentleman's activities. Maybe—(there are a few dishonest people in New York)—he was trying to cheat the company. We dunno.

AN OPEN FIREPLACE.

A SHIVERING hobo on Times Square had a bright idea the other day. Noticing a rubbish can he set fire to it and, grinning gleefully, stood over the can warming his chilled hands. When the fire began to die down he collected newspapers from the street and rejuvenated it. Two or three other frozen ragamuffins—(it was a cold day)—noticed the blaze and came over to share its warmth. The originator of the scheme welcomed them and they stood there by the improvised fireplace swapping cheery reminiscences.

All was going nicely, when a cop spied them and promised to make it even hotter for them if they didn't put out the fire and run along. Muttering imprecations—or, should we say, swearing like blazes—they complied and slunk forlornly down Broadway.

Better luck next time, fellows!